

THE  
Poets Address

To His Most Sacred  
MAJESTY.

**T**Hough Scribling Factions are so Saucy grown,  
To dart *Curst Labels* at Your Sacred Throne:  
To strive to *Pre-depose* Your Royal Heirs,  
And seek Your Life who frankly gave them  
Yet Mighty SIR, the *Poets* are Your own, (theirs  
Their Lives and Pens, (for Fortunes they have none)  
Reason and Wit are faithful to their Prince,  
Nay, he that Writes against You, can't write Sense:  
The Sacred Nine Elected You Supreme,  
And Swore Allegiance to Your Diadem;  
And all the jobbers of the Rhiming Crew  
Are Rebels ev'n to them, when so to You.

Th' Old *Loyal Blood* when Your kind Beams withdrew;  
*Unmurmuring* slept till they return'd anew:  
Then (like the Lust of Plants) its Atoms throng  
To deck th' Old Branches, and to shoot forth Young.  
*Westminster* was an *Autumn* to our Lays,  
But th' *Oxford* nipping Spring had kill'd our Bays,  
Had not Your Mercy and *Dissolving Skill*  
Stopt both their doing, and our suffering Ill:  
Had we th' *Hesperian* Fruit, You should not pull,  
Wee'd freely drop You a whole *Chequer* full,  
(But Equal Heaven has giv'n it to the dull)  
Wit by *Chamelian* Nourishment conceives,  
And was decreed only to put forth leaves.

Hail Sacred SIR, although we have no *Banks*,  
 Yet we can pay ( what none can give you ) Thanks;  
 Thanks for the *Numerous Blessings* which you shed  
 Like th' impartial Sun, on every head;  
 Thanks for the *Factions Deluge* You put by,  
 And Thanks for the *Humble stoop*, to tell us *Why*.  
 But Thanks above all thinking for Your Care  
 To stop that *TAP*, that would have drown'd Your Heir.

Illustrious JAMES thou could'st not bear such things,  
 Wert thou not Son and Brother to such Kings :  
 How could we think from *Justice* thou should'st fly  
 A *Land*, which does it to their King deny.

The *Sheriffs* of late such *Naturalists* are grown,  
 They'd turn no *Streams* back to the *Fountain* thrown:  
 And those *Grand Jews* that *Ignoramus* bring  
 For *Barabbas*, wou'd *Crucify* their King.

The *Polish Prince* is *Charm'd*, he scorns weak *Buff*,  
 Consciences of *Impenetrable Stuff*,  
 Arms the small *Patriot*, *Plot* and *Witness* proof;  
 'Tis such a *Knot* as wants the *Gordian Knife*,  
 For some *Conspire* his *Death*, and some his *Life*:  
 And *Nineteen Unbelievers* *Damn* to *Save*  
 That *Head*, that ne're was destin'd to a *Grave*.

Once more Hail Sacred MONARCH, may kind Stars  
 Prosper Your *Peace*, and Guard You in Your *Wars*;  
 Let God Arise ( who Your *Avenger* is )  
 And scatter both Your *Enemies* and His.  
 May Heaven Attend Your *Councils*, and Dispose  
 Success to all that's Yours, except Your *Foes*:  
 Long may You *Rule* this *Island* with Your *Nod*,  
 And let the *Stubborn* feel Your *Angry Rod*;  
 Exceed Your *Father*, and be like Your *God*.

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